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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1890.

TWENTY-TWO PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—The funeral of the Dowager Empress Augusta took place in Berlin. ==== Lord Hartington is dangerously ill with congestion of the lungs. ==== Fears of a riot among the striking miners of Charleroi are felt. ==== M. Solotouchine, Chief of the Russian Secret Police, was shot and killed at Moscow by a female Nihilist, who afterward committed suicide. ==== The condition of the King of Spain is more favorable. ==== The sixth game of chess between Tschigorin and Gunsberg at Havana was won by the former.

Congress.—As a mark of respect to the late Representative Kelley, the House adjourned without action. ==== In Committee: The claims of New-York and Chicago for the World's Fair were presented before the Senate Quadro-Centennial Committee; the tariff hearing was continued before the Ways and Means Committee of the House.

Domestic.—The funeral of Judge Kelley was held in the Representatives' Hall of the Capitol. ==== C. S. Brice visited Judge Allen G. Thurman and asked him to exert his influence with the Democratic bolters in the Ohio Legislature. ==== Nine shoe manufacturers in Haverhill, Mass., have locked out their workmen. ==== An oyster-dredging schooner was captured in Chesapeake Bay by the Maryland police. ==== Founder's Day was celebrated at Cornell University. ==== An application was made in court for an injunction to restrain the Reading Railroad trustees from holding an election.

City and Suburban.—Two subways exploded at Fourteenth-st. and Sixth-ave., nobody being injured, although there was was great excitement. ==== There was a still further decrease in the death rate yesterday, and the worst of the influenza seems to be over. ==== The trouble in the Southern Society was discussed in all its phases. ==== Stocks dull and irregular, without important or significant variations.

The Weather.—Indications for to-day: Rain; warmer. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 45 degrees; lowest, 24; average, 34.

The great degree of interest in the illness of the King of Spain is warranted by the unique position which he holds among the monarchs of the earth. There was a slight improvement in his condition yesterday, though he is by no means out of danger yet. A Cabinet council has decided that the Ministry shall continue with unimpaired powers, and that, in the event of the death of the baby Alfonso, the succession shall pass to his sister Mercedes, Queen Christina continuing as Regent.

The funeral of William D. Kelley took place at noon yesterday from the House of Representatives at Washington, and was of an unusually impressive nature. Judge Kelley's long and distinguished public services, his position as Father of the House, held for a decade or more, and his great personal popularity combined to render the last tribute of respect and affection a memorable one. The great hall in which the services were held was crowded by the friends and admirers of the fallen statesman, all the departments of Government and both Houses of Congress being largely represented. The remains were conveyed to Philadelphia, where the burial will take place.

"Go to Africa," is the advice which Mr. Collis P. Huntington gives to the young men of this city, in an interview published this morning. He urges them to hasten with all speed to the town of Upoto, on the Congo, and to invest $10,000 in the purchase of india-rubber, which is sold there at a penny a pound. "A young man might pay even five pence a pound for it and quickly make a fortune." Aye; but the difficulty is the $10,000, or rather the want of it. There are lots of lusty young men in this city who would be delighted to go to Africa on much less capital than $10,000. Indeed, with the present state of the labor market, so princely a sum as that would be sufficient to purchase a whole gross of North American Congo Free Statesmen.

There are, it appears, several flaws in the law passed last year abolishing the use of stoves in passenger cars in this State. In the course of a series of interviews on the subject with representatives of the New-York railroads, which we publish this morning, it is pointed out that the range which the law permits to be carried in the dining-room cars for the purpose of cooking food may cook the passengers instead in the event of a wreck. Moreover, there is a weak provision in the statute which allows a stove and boiler for supplying heat to the train to be carried on a special car, which presents a similar danger. With these exceptions the law seems to have obtained universal approval, and nearly all the roads in this State have already complied with its injunctions, many of them incurring a great expense by doing so in a thorough and effective manner. The car-stove has had its day, and is now doing duty as a constituent of the scrap-iron heap.

OUR TITLE TO THE FAIR.

The Senate Committee, which has been listening during the last few days to appeals in behalf of the four cities now patriotically contending for the honor of furnishing the World's Fair with a site, may or may not have been greatly influenced by the arguments presented, but one important point, at least, has been settled. There can be no doubt hereafter, at the capital or anywhere else, that New-York is in earnest. The delegation of citizens who accompanied their memorial to Washington have put an end to the pretence that the metropolis does not want the Fair. Our rivals must now content themselves with attempts to show that we do not deserve it.

It is not to be supposed, moreover, that this will be the only useful purpose accomplished by yesterday's presentation of the claims of New-York. The Senators who heard the arguments, and a great majority of the millions of citizens in all parts of the country who will read them, are candid and discriminating, so far, at least, as this matter is concerned, and they will find it impossible to deny or belittle the facts arrayed in Mr. Hewitt's memorial and in the speeches of Mr. Depew, ex-Senator Miller and Bourke Cockran. Agreeing as to the facts, they can hardly fail to agree as to the conclusion. It is to be taken for granted that practically all the people of the country really want to have the Fair held where it is most certain to be successful. In this case the word successful means a great deal. Anything less than a triumph would be a failure, and would be so regarded by all the world. Not only has the standard of international exhibitions been advanced since 1876, but the capacity of Americans to discriminate between the superlative and the mediocre has been developed in proportion. A large majority of those who visited the Philadelphia Exposition were unable to estimate its comparative excellence, but it is safe to say that the popular judgment which is passed upon the Fair of 1892 will be just about what it deserves. This being so, there is no reason why the wisest choice of a site should not be the most generally satisfactory choice. The people are not excited over the subject, and there is nothing to blind their eyes and warp their judgment. Intelligence, and not emotion, will decide the question.

A calm and quiet consideration of Mr. Depew's comprehensive discourse cannot fail to confirm the advocates of New-York and convert sceptics into believers. It is printed in full on the twenty-second page, and we do not need to recapitulate its arguments. We confine ourselves in this commentary to a single point, which does not relate directly to the choice of a site, but primarily to the value of such an exhibition as is proposed. Speaking from personal observation of the French Fair, Mr. Depew declares his conviction that the United States cannot afford not to hold an International Exposition on a colossal scale in the near future. The industries and arts and civilization of the country were so inadequately, in fact, so shabbily, represented at Paris as to impress upon the minds of all observers not specially instructed as to our resources and achievements a totally wrong and most injurious conception of our share in the world's work. To replace this false image with the true one Mr. Depew regards as an imperative obligation and necessity. Nothing less than a World's Fair, in the broadest sense and on the grandest scale, is suited to this purpose, and New-York is the only place where the purpose can be accomplished.

THE TRENTON TRAGEDY.

The public, untutored in the law and anxious only to see justice vindicated, will have some difficulty to satisfy itself that Chief-Justice Beasley's action admitting Dr. Kniffin and Emma Purcell to bail was right. The court may say that no alternative was left it when the prosecutor failed to appear and show cause why they should be held. The prosecutor says he was sick, but surely he might have had the State in some way represented. The arrest of Kniffin and Miss Purcell was warranted by the facts already disclosed, and it is possible that the disclosures yet to come may affect the question of their release on any bail whatever.

Interest in this Trenton tragedy has grown greatly since it occurred. It seems to be a remarkable case. Many mysterious circumstances surround it, each of which points suggestively at the guilt of Kniffin and Miss Purcell. The crime occurred while only Miss Purcell and Mrs. Kniffin were occupying the Doctor's house. He and his son were both away. One morning persons entered the house to find it in great disorder, with Mrs. Kniffin dead in one room and Miss Purcell lying upon the floor in another, conscious, but apparently suffering. She told a story about burglars and chloroform, but the physician who saw them first detected no odor of chloroform about either of them and declares that Miss Purcell's pulse was normal, and that her general appearance, manner and condition, while denoting some nervous excitement, gave no indication of the presence of a drug. An analysis is now being made of the contents of the dead woman's stomach, and its results will be known on Monday. Till then even the cause of her death will be in grave doubt.

It is a curious, if not an accusing, circumstance that Miss Purcell had this same burglar tale to tell about a month ago. The house was then turned topsy-turvy as it was on the fatal night, though on neither occasion did the alleged burglars take anything away with them. When they first came, according to Miss Purcell, she was silenced by a brandished knife. Mrs. Kniffin survived these burglars though, perhaps because she happened to be awake at a fortunate moment. She afterward said she had not seen nor heard any violence, but some one stole into her room that night and turned on the gas without lighting it. To credit these burglar stories it is necessary to believe that burglars go where there is a reasonable certainty they will be sure to find nothing; that having proved that nothing is to be had in a certain house, they will return to reprove it, and that they will go to the extreme of wilfully murderous malice by deliberately attempting to asphyxiate a woman in whose room they are not working. These are incredible propositions.

EPIDEMIC ORIGINS.

The strange and too frequently fatal epidemic which is now spread over so large a part of the earth's surface will no doubt be carefully studied by scientific men, with a view to tracing, if possible, the origin of the morbific influence. But little data for judgments of the kind had been collected up to the time when Professor Hecker, a German physician and medical historian of considerable reputation, published his interesting, suggestive and erudite essays upon the epidemics of the Middle Ages. A theory advanced by Dr. Hecker, which, though it has been received with hesitation, cannot be said to have been seriously met or refuted, is that of cosmical agencies as concerned in the dissemination, and probably in the genesis, of epidemic diseases. In his accounts of that dreadful scourge the Black Death, which he estimates swept away twenty-five millions of people in Europe in the sixteenth century, he has collected an imposing list of precedents and contemporaneous natural phenomena supposed to have been connected in a causal manner with the epidemic plague. Of course, in an argument of the kind the danger of the "post hoc ergo propter hoc" fallacy must always be guarded against; and in dealing with records of events made before any science of history was recognized, the difficulty of obtaining unquestionable facts is obviously great.

All necessary allowance having been made for error, however, Hecker's showing is certainly plausible, and his view derives some additional countenance from the fact, patent to the existing generation of men, that the most widespread epidemics of the present century have been preceded or accompanied by more or less abnormal cosmical phenomena. The Black Death came from China, and that country had suffered, just prior to the outbreak, extraordinary disasters from earthquakes, floods and storms. The sixteenth century, indeed, was marked throughout the inhabited world by convulsions of nature, and among these must be particularly mentioned what the old chroniclers term "a stinking mist," which was observed in several countries, and the advent of which seemed the signal for the outbreak of the plague. Hecker's account of the Sweating Sickness is accompanied by another catalogue of cosmical disturbances and unnatural seasons. That epidemic appears to have followed unprecedentedly wet years. The atmosphere all through Great Britain was so charged with humidity that "mould spots" appeared upon clothing packed away, upon linen in use, upon everything. The same ill-savored fogs are reported here again, and when the sickness spread, later, over the whole of Europe, it was preceded by similar pluvial deluges, floods and general excess of moisture. It is more difficult to exhibit any cosmical agencies in the epidemic called the Dancing Mania, though Hecker's suggestion that some peculiar electrical conditions of the atmosphere may have had to do with it, should not be rejected too hastily.

The learned German wrote before the discovery of the ubiquitous and greatly accountable bacillus; but it may be pointed out that there is in his theory of cosmical influences absolutely nothing to conflict with the latest tendencies of scientific research. For example, Hecker speaks of volcanic disturbances which liberated mephitic gases from the interior of the earth. Now, it is quite possible that some such great natural chemical processes may produce the conditions most favorable to the genesis of the bacilli which cause the disease. We really know so little about the whole subject that we are bound to be cautious in trusting any hypothesis which offers a possibly true explanation of the phenomena. No man of science to-day would venture to assert that cosmical disturbances cannot possibly affect the sanitary condition of the earth. It is known that cattle diseases have often accompanied human plagues, and in at least one well-known case an epidemic among fish followed a great submarine convulsion. Of course, the demonstration of a connection between telluric and atmospheric conditions and abnormal phenomena, and epidemics, would, in one sense, only increase the general feeling of helplessness in the face of such calamities. But from a broader point of view, it may be said that the prospect of attaining remedies for these waves of disease must be improved by every advance made toward their real origin. Science may find ways to conquer them if once she discovers their cause and exact nature, and the speculations of Professor Hecker are, therefore, in the line of true scientific research, notwithstanding the strangeness of some of them.

AMERICAN-BORN FOREIGNERS.

At the Holland Society's dinner on Friday night Mr. Theodore Roosevelt made some remarks in an old-fashioned way upon an old-fashioned subject. After recalling the social, political, military, financial and other triumphs of American citizens of Dutch ancestry, Mr. Roosevelt made the point that whatever may have been the strength and virtue of their Holland blood, they wrought as Americans, and could not have won the renown that has rewarded their labors had they remained Hollanders here. He then proceeded to apply this point to existing situations, and to urge the duty of all foreigners to become heartily and sincerely American. This is in no sense a new suggestion, but it needs to be constantly enforced upon the attention, not only of foreigners, but of native-born Americans as well.

There is a class of Americans, almost confined to the Eastern cities, who have seemed to think it an evidence of culture and of social and intellectual rank to indulge in supercilious reflections upon their country and their countrymen. We have lately feared that this class of people was growing, not merely among the silly creatures who have neither brains nor any use for brains, but among really estimable persons and as the result of a propaganda undertaken primarily in the interest of certain European economic theories. The zeal and industry of those in charge of the propaganda have not seemed to be satisfied with those comparisons which in their eyes show the superior excellence of foreign industrial systems, but they have felt it necessary also to sneer at all things commonly thought to be characteristic of our society.

They sneer at our politics, declaring in effect that no such thing exists as an honest American politician; that all officeholders in this land, where we teach officeholding to be no man's right, but every man's proper aspiration, are selfish, corrupt slaves of party; that to be prominent in the council or active in the management of a party is to be utterly wicked and unclean—to be, indeed, a "machine politician" is their synonym for "devil." They sneer at our educational system and methods, and affect to think we have no "real colleges," apparently believing it impossible for an educator to be wise without a wig or efficient as a teacher without a gown. They sneer at our press, and save themselves vast intellectual effort by throwing all their fine scorn into the quotation marks with which they invariably surround the word journalism. They have not yet got ready to attack the public school system or freedom of worship, but they do what they can to prevent the extension of the public school system, and they plainly indicate that they have more faith in the piety of a Bishop who is also "My Lord" than of one whose character is unaided by civil title. They apparently act upon the belief that it is a sign of broad-mindedness and liberality to take that view of a method or that side of a controversy which is antagonistic to the popular American view.

These people are not very susceptible to arguments, but they are painfully sensitive as to the impression they produce upon others. They wish to be thought vastly clever. If it could only be got into their heads that, on the contrary, they really excite only pity and ridicule, it would probably do them good.

CORPORATE GREED IN MINNESOTA.

A story which well illustrates the unholy greed of corporations comes from Minnesota. It happened through the introduction of a line of street railway into the prosperous young city of Cottonwood, in that State. On this railway are run short, one-horse, conductorless cars, very like the "bobtail" cars, of tragic memory, which once infested this city. The line was put in operation a few days ago, and at first there was much debate among the passengers as to the proper way in which to pay fares, there being nothing but the usual mysterious box with the lurking slot into which the long-suffering passenger is supposed personally to insert the exact change; the driver, on whom a cloud of suspicion always seems to rest, not being allowed under any circumstances either to receive or deposit the same. On the first trip a warm discussion arose as to the approved way to secure change. It was at its height when Mr. Churchill, a merchant of the village, boarded the car. This gentleman was informed of the subject of debate, and immediately volunteered to show the others all the intricacies of making change in a "bobtail" street-car. Taking a half-dollar from his pocket, he stepped to the fare-box, dropped it in and kicked on the bottom of the door to attract the attention of the harmless necessary driver. This worthy individual was lashing the horse to get up a high rate of speed for the next crossing, where he saw two ladies waiting for the car. At last, however, he looked back, and after he fully grasped the situation, he smiled broadly and joyously, and, having got safely past the ladies, turned and again began belaboring the horse with the reins. Mr. Churchill shouted reproachfully at him, and then opened the door and stepped out on the front platform.

The other passengers remained on the inside and appeared cheerful, even happy, but Mr. Churchill spoke earnestly to the driver. He formally demanded 45 cents in change, or, if that was not possible, the whole half-dollar. The driver refused to do anything at all, making the lame excuse that he had no key to the box. It was soon clear to Mr. Churchill's practical eye that the unscrupulous driver received a percentage on all sums thus dishonestly wrested from the public. Mr. Churchill returned to the car. The other passengers appeared happy, and made various remarks, which we will not pause to repeat. Mr. Churchill is a man of action. Through the glass window in the box he could see his half-dollar. Mr. Churchill steadied himself by a strap, raised his foot, and with one kick smashed the glass. Then he reached for his coin. His hand was, perhaps, four inches from it, when the driver jerked a string, and the half-dollar disappeared into the cast-iron regions below. Mr. Churchill struck these regions several times with one foot and then with the other. He spoke rapidly and loudly while taking this exercise. He then sat down to rest. The other passengers got off after wishing Mr. Churchill a happy New Year.

Mr. Churchill now pulled himself together and carefully considered the situation. He doubted not that the treasurer of the company would unlock the box at night. He determined to be on hand, and secure his half-dollar. To guard against the treasurer making a descent on it sooner the wily Mr. Churchill determined to keep his eye on the box. To do this he decided to remain in the car the rest of the day. The car soon arrived at the end of the line and started back. What was Mr. Churchill's astonishment when the rascally driver demanded the fare for the return trip. Of course he was vigorously refused. They parleyed some time, when the driver wound the reins around the brake-handle and came back, and after a considerable struggle, threw Mr. Churchill off. A weak man would have been daunted; Mr. Churchill felt inspired. Picking himself up he followed close behind the car on foot for the remainder of the day.

It was 11 o'clock that night when car No. 1 of the Cottonwood Street Railway drove into the stable. Mr. Churchill had hold of the rear railing with one hand. The officers of the company were there to secure the first day's receipts. The treasurer, secretary, and two of the vice-presidents approached Mr. Churchill and engaged him in conversation. He soon became deeply engrossed in stating his grievance. Suddenly there was a crash, and the president of the company rushed past them and out of the stable. A glance at the box showed that everything, including the half-dollar, was gone. Mr. Churchill dashed after the fleeing president. But it was a hopeless chase; the official with his ill-gotten gains jumped two fences and ran through an alley and escaped. The baffled Churchill returned to his home.

It is now stated that Mr. Churchill has drawn up and will have introduced in the Minnesota Legislature a bill "To Abridge Certain Rights of Corporations." We doubt not that it is a good bill. Mr. Churchill has had the experience that should enable him to prepare such a bill in good shape. But while such things are being reformed in Minnesota, what of our own State? These cars have been done away with in this city, to be sure, but they flourish elsewhere, and any citizen may have the same experience any day. If Governor Hill is not too busy with certain other matters, a short message on the subject would not seem to be out of place.

THE WALTZ IS DOOMED.

The waltz is doomed. The news comes from Vienna, the home par excellence of the waltz; and the hand that deals the mortal blow is none other than that of Strauss, who may almost be regarded as the creator of the dance. The genuine waltz is too fast for our self-indulgent habits. We cannot keep up with the rapid whirl, the constant succession of quick measured steps and turns. We dine late now, and—as regards many of us—too well. The spectacle of persons fresh from a dinner of half a dozen courses and unlimited champagne attempting to keep pace to the dashing strains of the Hungarian band is not edifying. Consequently many attempts have been made to modify the severity of the dance. Various "slow" waltzes have been introduced, and the original measure has been reduced in some cases to four ungainly hops, in others to a couple of shuffling slides. It is these that Herr Strauss describes as "conversation dances." He now proposes to give us something between the latter and the true waltz, and to wed it to his own characteristic strains. "I intend to call it the minuet waltz," says the famous composer. "It will be composed in three-four time, and consist of three sets, which all begin andantino gracioso, in the style of the minuet or polonaise. It will then gradually develop into the real waltz, with the old-fashioned rapid time and whirl. Ladies will be able to accept lazy partners accustomed to good living and sedentary occupations for the first part, while for the faster movements they can take more agile and less placid partners who are still dancers."

The minuet waltz is to be introduced at the approaching carnival to the elite of the Austrian aristocracy, and Herr Strauss is confident that it will serve to revive the taste for dancing in circles where it is fast passing into abeyance and disrepute. For it cannot be denied that at the present moment the waltz is on the decline, and that "dancing" men are becoming so rare that hostesses in despair are beginning to give up dancing altogether and to substitute for it private theatricals and other forms of entertainment.

The Irish Boards of Guardians are very enthusiastic in declaring their belief in Mr. Parnell's innocence of the vile charge which has been raked up by the renegade Captain O'Shea. The ridiculous forgery of Mr. Parnell's letter to the Ennis Guardians has greatly redounded to Mr. Parnell's advantage. But it will be a little awkward for his admirers, as well as for Mr. Parnell himself, if the renegade establishes the vile charges. It must result in Mr. Parnell's withdrawal from public life. There seems, however, to be a good deal of hollowness about Captain O'Shea's accusations. Why were they not made years ago? is an ever-recurring question. Great curiosity prevails as to whether Mr. Parnell's suit against "The Times" for publishing Piggott's letters, fixed for a fortnight hence, will come on before the issue of the report of the Special Commission. The report is now in print, and the Judges may issue it at any hour; or they may themselves decide against prejudicing Mr. Parnell, and thus not publish it until Parliament meets.

Frank Rice, Secretary of State, in a recent speech stated that the country was suffering to-day because Samuel J. Tilden was not given the Presidency in 1876. It is too bad that the office which Mr. Rice fills is not calculated to afford him much opportunity for the exhibition of his qualities as a humorist. Evidently he can be quite funny when he tries.

If Mr. Carlisle is really in the condition of agonizing doubt which he professes as to the rules formulated by the Republican majority of the Committee, he will be able to appreciate the humor in which the Republicans found themselves when he and Mr. Mills created a whole tariff bill without permitting the Republicans to know its first provision. It doesn't become the chiefs of the dark-lantern brigade to talk about the secretive methods of Reed and McKinley.

The invention of spurious documents signed with Mr. Parnell's name seems to be becoming a regular English industry.

At the recent Andrew Jackson dinner in Utica, Postmaster Bailey (Dem.) having been called upon to explain why he was still in office, replied that he thought the Administration was "taking its time." Mr. Bailey is doubtless correct in his surmise. He is probably aware that it is currently reported in the architectural circles of Italy that Rome was not built in a day—the builders of the Eternal City took their time. We trust that Mr. Bailey has no disposition to crowd the Administration in this matter. That would be ungenerous. Reflect upon Rome, Mr. Postmaster, and give it time.

An Ohio newspaper, during the recent Senatorial campaign in that State, informed its readers in a startling headline that "Brice Is Holding His Own." Well, if he held his own, what prevailed on the Democrats to nominate him?

Some Southern newspapers, warned by the widespread sentiment which has been excited by the negro massacres of the past month, are talking in phrases vastly fine about the "generous feelings of the Southern people toward the negroes." Undoubtedly these journals have an idea that such expressions are creditable, whereas they are only one remove in their offensive quality from the brutal language in which the great majority of them justify all such crimes. The negroes do not want any "generous feelings" from the "Southern people." Generous feelings are almost as objectionable as the cool and lordly assumption that the whites are the "Southern people." The negroes ask simple justice—their rights. They ask that the same law shall punish with equal impartiality, certainty and celerity the white despoiler of a colored man and the colored despoiler of a white man. What earthly good are "generous feelings," anyhow, when the massacres go on constantly, and no freeman's right is anywhere in the South acknowledged to exist in a negro?

We observe that somebody has been writing to "The Philadelphia Press" to inquire the names of the six most famous diamonds of the world. It is always wise when one is in search of knowledge to apply at headquarters. Why then did not this curious person instead of sending a letter to a newspaper address his query to some representative hotel clerk of the period?

To an Anxious Mugwump Inquirer: "Yes, he is Mr. Edmunds, Senator Edmunds, George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, the same Mr. Edmunds who despises you so sincerely, and who despised you most when you most worshipped at his shrine. It is indeed he, and he is exposing Democratic humbug, and he has been exposing Democratic humbug pretty much all his life, and he will go on exposing it the rest of his life, and if he had a dollar for every one he had exposed, first and last, he would be better off than he is. He is much obliged to you for asking, and hopes you will realize it is really he, he of all men, he in particular, George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, Senator Edmunds, Mr. Edmunds, Edmunds—sure!"

A number of our contemporaries are finding fault with General Greely's theory of the mild weather, because he does not explain why the storm track has been laid much nearer the pole than usual this winter. But then, as "The Rochester Herald" well says, "the interrogation point is shifted with the progress of knowledge, but is always in sight." Most true. The time will never come when in the vocabulary of the weather-curious there shall be no such word as "why."

A dispatch from Berlin states that in the stomach of a shark which was recently dissected in that city was found a dolphin weighing 120 pounds, forty-three fish, a decomposed seal, a human arm, and four human legs. With what earnestness that shark must have been accustomed to put up the petition: May good digestion wait on appetite. Reading between the lines of the dispatch, we seem to gather that it was dyspepsia that carried him off.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt has preached his first sermon in his new church at Minneapolis, and has created a profound impression upon that community by his scholarship and eloquence.

Boston is already reckoning on having the President attend the Grand Army of the Republic reunion there in August.

There was a great gathering of eminent alumni of Dickinson College, at Philadelphia the other evening, at the reception tendered to President Reed.

Richard von Volkmann, the great surgeon whose death was recently announced, was the first to introduce Listerism into practice in Germany.

William D. Kelley first appeared as a public speaker in Faneuil Hall. It was at a meeting held in the midst of the anti-Catholic agitation. Kelley had come in to hear the speeches and had taken a seat at the back of the stage. Noted men were on the platform, and half of the speakers had made their addresses. Harvey Prince, a noted lawyer of Massachusetts, had just finished a stirring speech urging the people to stand by the good ship Democracy, and Mr. Hallet, the United States District-Attorney, was to follow. Prince had barely finished and Hallet was mopping his face with his handkerchief preparatory to his introduction, when a tall young man, as straight as an arrow, and with a big head covered with a thick growth of black hair, stepped to the front of the platform and took the speaker's place. Cries arose: "Who are you? Who is he?" from all parts of the hall. And the only answer was a voice in the gallery: "He is an Irishman, and his name is Kelley." For a few seconds there was a din. The chairman of the meeting was dumbfounded, but Kelley drew himself up to his full height, and to the questions in strong, deep tones replied: "Who am I? I will tell you who I am directly. I am an American citizen, a man who can earn his living by the sweat of his brow and the cunning of his good right hand—one who has come to this Cradle of Liberty to pledge himself to stem the tide of time on board the good ship Democracy. With her to swim; with her gloriously to sink."

Archdeacon Farrar, when delivering the prizes to the successful boys of the United Westminster Endowed Schools, referred to the teaching of the life of Robert Browning, whom he had the honor of knowing. Browning, he said, believed in the soul, and was very sure of God. The most remarkable lesson his life taught was that ever in life's deepest tragedies and apparent failures he believed in hope. His cheerfulness was sunny and invincible. It may be added that Browning, as a boy, attended, with his father, mother, and sister, the Congregational Chapel, Walworth, then under the pastorate of the Rev. George Clayton, by whom he was baptized, June 14, 1812. Browning retained always his early attachment to "Dissent." He was often a worshipper in Nonconformist chapels of various persuasions, and was especially an admiring hearer of Thomas Jones, the Welsh preacher whose posthumous volume he prefaced with two pages of his singularly rich and pregnant prose.

Monte Cristo Island, in the Mediterranean, rendered famous by the thrilling romance of the elder Dumas has recently been purchased by a Florentine millionaire, the Marquis Carlo Gulgononi, who intends to build a magnificent chateau in the finest part of the place. The Marquis will furthermore erect a villa in the island as an annex to his chateau, while in the most sequestered spot he will raise a hermitage, to which he can retire at his pleasure from all worldly turmoil. The modern Magnifico of the City of Flowers has also given orders for the construction of a splendid yacht, to be be named the Mercedes like that of the hero of Dumas, and which is to take him across the sea to his rocky retreat.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The macadamizing of a piece of a road in Ohio increased the value of the adjoining farms $50 an acre, while the cost was less than $1 an acre. Some one ought to go all through the country preaching the gospel of good roads.

"I hope you will not waste that on the saloons," said a temperance philanthropist, giving up a quarter to a poor tramp.
"I won't sir; I won't," he replied, with tears in his eyes; "when I've got this much money I buy my liquor at wholesale."—(Washington Star.

A correspondent of The Tribune, noticing a statement in these columns to the effect that a really good, unforced, spontaneous rhyme for 1890 was to be regarded as one of the great popular wants of the day, kindly endeavors to supply the deficiency. Kindly, but not with a success which could be pronounced dazzling. For example, he rhymes this dear young year with "durne tree"—a reference to the tree of knowledge, and to "quinine she"—a reference to a young lady doctoring for the grip. We doubt not that our correspondent means well, but it is evident that he could not have a much worse ear for the niceties of rhyme if he was a deaf and dumb asylum.

A Useful Present.—Mrs. Jobbs—What on earth is that?
Mr. Jobbs—This, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college.
"Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine?"—(New-York Weekly.

Dr. C. W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, has done a public service for which he deserves thanks. A few weeks ago a harrowing dispatch was sent from a Western town telling how a young girl had been buried alive, every one supposing her to be dead. Dr. Dulles took the trouble to write to responsible people in the town named, and learned that there was not a word of truth in the story. More recently another similar story was sent from Springfield, Ohio, and the doctor investigated that also. It proved to be a lie like the other. The probabilities are that every such story would prove to be equally devoid of fact if it was investigated. And the same might be said of the stories about snakes in people's stomachs.

A PANACEA.

There is one who's truly lucky—
'Tis the man who never frets;
Who is smiling, gay and plucky
At each evil that besets.
Never pausing grief to borrow,
All his woes are puffs of air;
He dismisses every sorrow
With an
I
Don't
Care!

He is proof 'gainst the mutations
Of that mischief-maker, Time.
He will meet dark machinations
With indifference sublime.
What's the use of toil and hurry;
Wherefore dally with despair,
When a man can silence worry
With an
I
Don't
Care!

Shun the draught that's madly merry,
Misery lurks amid the lees;
Squander not with hand unchary
Moments due to calm and ease.
If by Fortune you are jilted,
Call her "wanton, false though air";
Cast aside her roses wilted,
With an
I
Don't
Care!
—(Washington Capital.

A whiff of clear common-sense from the Pacific. "The San Francisco Call" says: "It is the first duty of the Federal Government to keep navigable rivers in a navigable condition."

"Do you know, there's something about that little fellow over there which is particularly attractive. The rest of the boys are perfect young savages, and I feel as though I'd like to smother the whole lot. But that little chap isn't like the rest."
"No; he's a deaf mute."—(Boston Transcript.

Patrick McGuire, of Albany, has been throwing a shovel full of live coals on the head of Michael Casey, and has been held to await the action of the grand jury. There is a way, Patrick, of heaping coals of fire on a fellow being's head neatly and effectively without the use of such concrete coals as you used upon Michael. And it beats your way every time.

Smith—That was a very interesting picture of yours on the Catacombs. Did you write it while you were in Rome, or after you returned home?
Spoofer—Oh, no, I wrote it before I went. Wanted to get it off my mind, you know, so that when I got abroad I'd have nothing to do but enjoy myself.—(Boston Transcript.

These be indeed the days of theological unrest. Listen to "The Christian at Work" arguing against teaching the Old Testament to Sunday-school children: "Why place before the children a dish of old husks when you can serve them with sweet new corn? Why send the children for their meals to Solomon, who was king of a harem, and who was not temperate in life—whose Proverbs can be cited to please the wine drinker as well as the abstainer—and all this with the New Testament open before you? Let us have done with this."

She was a proud lady, and a rich one, too, as indicated by the fact that she owned a pew in one of Chicago's most fashionable churches. She wore large diamond earrings and a costume most elaborate. In fact, she carried with her an atmosphere of ultra-respectability, which was almost oppressive, as she entered church last Sunday, a trifle late, and observed from a distance that her pew was already occupied, and by strangers. Walking down the aisle, with her nose in the air as if pointing the North Star, she stopped at her pew and, turning haughtily to the usher, who had followed at a respectful distance, inquired in a tone of concentrated, but suppressed contempt: "Who are these persons occupying my pie?" And the minister wondered what made the congregation laugh.—(Chicago Tribune.

A petty swindle that has been frequently exposed is still occasionally attempted on the elevated roads. As thus: You shove a ten-dollar bill in through the little hole and murmur "One." The ticket agent gives you a surly look, and then proceeds to transact the business before him as follows: First he gives you a ticket, then a pile of money consisting of nine dimes and a nickel, and then sixteen quarters, all huddled together. This confuses you, and you are not sure whether you now have $4 95 or $5 95. Then after a short pause the agent sticks the ends of four bills out of the hole, and leans back as though he had finished his business with you. You take this as a hint to go, and you go accordingly. When you get on the platform you count your change and discover, of course, that you are one dollar short. You go back and say so, when the agent impudently declares that he laid four quarters down with the bills, and that you rushed off without picking them up. Of course, you know he lies, but you can't prove it, and so you are put in a false position by a would-be thief.

Ruse of The Mobile Car-Drivers.—A reformed car-driver who worked for the Street-Car Company of Mobile, Ala., in the days when paper currency was all the go, says that the company introduced the patent boxes, which for a time headed off the boys effectually in their "knocking down" fares. But the victory of capital over labor was short-lived, for the drivers supplied themselves with large grasshoppers which they tied by the wings with a string and shoved down into the box, and when Mr. Grasshopper grabbed on to a dime they jerked him back out of the box. This was kept up for some time with great success, until one day the string broke and left the bird in the box, which gave the snap away.—(Texas Siftings.